

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

VOL. IV. NO. 7. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] AUGUST 6, 1898. [EVANGELIST BOOTH, Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.

Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.

I have a Collection

west Festival ?

AND USEFUL,
our Field Fighters
own.

ON TEMPERANCE.
perance campaign a
discussing learnedly
proposed temperance
ner who had been
ly, shut his knife
child said, "I
thin' about the law,
a good reasons fur
'" asked the lawyer.
I farmer responded ;
tree daughters."

SUGAR BUREAU.
Wilson was one of the
preachers in York-
towned for his liber-

ed a man very sub-
iring a piteous story;
man telling the same
day.

called the man in,
return of his money,
and Mr. Wilson at
teas and prayed—
knowest I am Thy
all the money I get
poor people ! Lord,
has been robbing me
for such thou-
te him dead ! Lord
the eye ; how soon
away the sight of

this strain for some
the beggar, who had
as him to escape,
some coppers on the
it ! As sure as I'm
penny I have. For
the go, and I solemnly
never rob another

IN, OLD MATUE!"
naturally stingy has
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covetousness. When
art into the charity-
folk will readily fol-
man, a professed
and for his covetous-
magnificent thing for
his passion squirm.
to a charity ser-
and dead, and was
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ted towards the

ned him that he
give £2 ! " Again,
told he said, "I'll
close the appeal
and give £10.
passed. As the drama-
his emotions began
one from ten to four
zero. He concluded
penny ! " "I
can't do. This
be my ruin."
getting nearer and
was upon him. What
box was under his
gation were looking.
the final blow, he
back and laid it on the
net and he did it :
I natur' !"

the Holy Spirit at the
even if it is re-

Official Gazette of
Army, published by
B. A. Printing
Street, Toronto.



MILLIONS ARE MADE—REVENUES UP-HELD, BUT, OH ! THE COST.

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—Therefore we pray . . . that God . . . would fill you . . . with the works of faith by power. II Thess. 1. 2.

Monday.—He shall come . . . to display His wonders in His faithful ones. II Thess. 1. 10.

Tuesday.—God called you . . . that ye might be the glory to our Lord Jesus, the Messiah. II Thess. 2. 14.

Wednesday.—Persevere in the precept which ye have been taught. II Thess. 2. 16.

Thursday.—Henceforth, pray ye . . . that the word of our Lord may in every place run and be glorified. II Thess. 3. 1.

Friday.—Let it not be wearisome to you to do what is good. II Thess. 3. 13.

Saturday.—He rose much before others, and retired to a solitary place, and there prayed. Mark 1. 36.

UP-TO-DATE
FACTS
OF THE FIGHT.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TOMORROW, FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH." PROV. XXVII. 1.

FATHER SCOTT, of Fergie, Fife, seventy-four years of age, who has only been saved some nine weeks and who was on his way to Valje City, met an old acquaintance of his and immediately informed him about his soul. The man, of course, admitted that salvation was the right thing to have, but thought that there was lots of time for him, he would get saved some other time.

When Father Scott returned from Camp feelings of course went back to him, and he came back to his great sorrow the awful news met him that the same man was being got ready for burial.

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT," ETC.

THESE words were terribly fulfilled. In D—. A young man who was employed in the tile yard was engaged in fixing a belt on a part of the machinery, when all at once he was caught in the belt and hurled round and round in a frightful manner.

He was buried instantly and his body mangled in a terrible condition.

What makes this incident more sad is the fact that he had been attending our meetings for a long time, and had often been dealt with about his soul. Many a time I warned him to be careful, but he seemed to be unable to be saved.

Last Sunday evening he was in the meeting and stayed till the close, but would not yield, though I pleaded and entreated and warned everyone faithfully, and did all in my power to get the people to decide for Christ, but he, with his soul mangled, was unable to be saved. It is evident Sunday night was his last chance. God took him at his word, for though he may not have said with his lips he would not be saved, yet by his actions he did, and God takes people's actions as soon as their words.

The lesson on Sunday night was "Bibhazzar's Feast and the Hand Writing on the Wall" (Dan. v.) What a sad thing to think that morning that that young man has been weighed in the balances so heavily.

Sometimes you have often done the same as that young man. You have put off salvation time and again.

Your last chance is coming! Will you be found wanting when weighed in the balances? Oh, turn now. Jesus will save you if you are sincere and surrender all.—H. Liston Captain.

CONSISTENCY IS ABOUT AS SCARCE IN THE WORLD AS MUSK IN A DOG-KENNEL.

THE ASTRONOMY
OF HOLINESSA
Nineteenth
Century
Psalm.

BY ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, COMMISSIONER.

ENTIRE sanctification—the state described in this pamphlet is, therefore, nothing fanciful or mythical. It is the natural and necessary state. It is the condition of true happiness. It is adapted to, and necessary to, every condition of life. The experience described here can be lived by the factory girl behind the loom, or by the merchant in his counting house, or by the God-fearing in all things. It is the life of faith—it is to "live in love." Has God commanded less? Has He promised less? Do we decide to obey LESS FULLY than this or let ourselves be possessed less completely than this by Him who is Love?

There is no fatality about either the obtaining or retaining of this experience. It can be lost by doubt and disobedience as it is gained by the obedience of faith. It can and will be lost by any diminution in the absolute character of the surrender.

Perfect Love is Perfect Common Sense.

Perfect love is, therefore, the perfection of common sense, and the most practical life.

Holiness implies, among other things, absolute faithfulness and straightforwardness. It implies that we love truth for its own sake and not for its rewards. It implies that we sincerely require perfect truth in the inward regard—even true THINING—honest, pure, true, loving THOUGHTS. To be truly holy is to be wholly true.

Holiness is absolute in all its obligations.

It implies the absolute forgiveness of all injuries, the absolute loving of all enemies. The Christian who wishes for heart-holiness is under obligation to confess the smallest wrong he has done to his brother without ever asking his brother to acknowledge anything, even had the latter wronged him ten thousand times more. And why?—Because in holiness, man is shut up to, finding

again lost souls, as lost to earth as we once were to heaven, and to be "done with" the world and living life.

There are two kinds of lost souls, those who are lost in sin and self, and those who are lost in God.

It is the latter who are alone at liberty, and can go to the rescue of the former, and die daily, in some form or other, for their salvation. The former, on the other hand, can love all mankind. Equally free from seeking man's approbation or from resenting earth's crucifixion, they occupy a position of inward impartiality and independence which enables them to see clearly and walk uprightly. Thus crucified to the world, they have power for their salvation; for Pentecost comes not before after Calvary.

Through Death to Life.

Through death life is the universal. The leaves which protect the bud die off to give place to the flower; the flower dies to give place to the fruit. The fruit falls into the ground and dies in order to multiply and appear in the new crop.

To-morrow's day-light is only attained through the night, the summer is only reached through the winter. It is only on dead stars like our planet that life can flourish.

This death consists in the constant surrender of all the best of everything we have—under the law of love—for the progression of the true life upon earth. It means the surrender of the man, his intellect, his actions, and possessions, at the call of the interests of the Kingdom of God.

It is the universal law under which the tree yields its choicest fruit ungrudgingly unto death, as the only means of raising the new harvest.

For life to work in the sinner death must work in the apostle, and our converts will be only worth exactly what

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

EXODUS XXIII., 21-24.

they cost us—what they cost our natural "life" and self and preferences and love of ease, and fear of suffering; for it is only in the measure in which we sacrifice that we can have POWER, our Pentecost will be in exact proportion to our Calvary, and the quality of our conversion will be according to the intensity of our Pentecost.

There is, therefore, no such thing as "evangelization" without evangelical sacrifice, cross-bearing, self-denial, struggling and suffering for the salvation of the lost, poverty, rejection and ministry of death, death inward and outward. Religion is not worth its costs. Converts, too, CAN only be worth what they cost. Those who cost US nothing are worth nothing. Wherever there is a REAL convert be sure SOMEONE has had to sacrifice him.

Where there has been no Calvary there can be no salvation. Where no corn of wheat has fallen into the ground and died can be no crop. This is true not only of the Saviour, but also of those who carry His salvation to others. All salvation is worth its cost. Converts, too, CAN only be worth what they cost. Those who cost US nothing are worth nothing. "In them," and consent to die daily "for His sake and the Gospels."

Is not that what Paul meant when he said: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

So then death worketh in us, but life in you."

By the Cross,—the Universal Centre.

Many can, no doubt, testify, like myself, that their baptisms have not been received so much by being sought as through some solitary acceptance of circumcision, some act of uttermost surrender to the cross, some earnest march in faithful obedience. In all these they died to all fear of all men or of all events, in their determination to obey God utterly and serve mankind absolutely. Such was my experience many years ago and often since. As children of Abraham we are called to let go the world and all human relations as he did, in order to belong to God alone, living here below as pilgrims and strangers. Nothing seems to me better fitted to illustrate this life of power, this life of liberty from all that life in the earth earthly, this Abraham-like life than the universal attraction of the stars and worlds of space. Yes, it was upon THEM that God brought Abraham out to look when He was about to show him the secret of the multiplication of the race of the sons of God, and death to the world and the absolute offering of ourselves, our loved ones, our ALL to the interests of the Kingdom of God here below. To those alone who accept absolutely, as Abraham did, the law that governs those stars (the law of attraction so perfect, so symmetrical, of the law of love) it is said "the soul shall be as numberless as they."

And who can sever the Divine bond of spiritual attraction which we call LOVE? Who can separate us from the love of Christ, or who can unite human beings or keep them united by any other bond than Divine love? Who can bind the sweet bonds which unite the stars? Who can break the bonds that hold Orion together? Who can break the unseen and universal bond of attraction which keeps all planets and even all stars, however distant, in their destined place or sphere? What can conquer that most mighty passion of the universe: LOVE?

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. The stake and the fire—not even the glare of the 180,000 eyes which flashed on the martyrs in the Roman Coliseum, have ever quenched or drowned love. It is the mightiest passion of the universe. It—attraction—is the fundamental law which holds all together. All yields to it—ALL but rebellious man.

It is the secret of Calvary. Christ came to restore this law in man and thus bring him back into heaven here below and hereafter.

And we are all called to offer up our earthly lives to the same blessed object. Thus WE ALSO shall wield over man that irresistible attraction which love, humanity, and self-sacrifice, ever exercise and whose "sweet influence" can even turn the most fierce or destroy. Men of sacrifice exercise the highest power in the world. And thus it is that the cross is the highest of all the thrones of this world and the universal centre of attraction.

(To be continued).

Handy Hints for Health and Home.

Two pounds of powdered alum put into three quarts of boiling water and stirred until dissolved. This mixture soaked in with a brush in the joints and crevices of rooms, will destroy those disgusting pests—bugs.

Bubble-and-Squeak.—Cut cold beef in slices about half an inch thick. Fry till heated through, and of a light brown. Keep hot. Have ready chopped some cold vegetables, fry these in the pan, stirring well and seasoning with pepper and salt. Serve altogether on a dish.

Vegetable Savoury.—For this dish equal quantities of potatoes and Spanish onions are required: cut them up and season with pepper and salt, put them in a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and cook till they are tender. No water is required, but the vegetables should be stirred occasionally.

For Sore Eyes.—A handful of double parsley, put in a pint of water, boiled and allowed to simmer until it is reduced to half its bulk. Strain into a bottle. Take out a little in a saucer and bathe the eyes with a piece of clean rag. Repeat as often as necessary, using fresh liquid and rag each time.

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CONTRASTS.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE Tussock moth which preys upon the trees of our avenues and boulevards is considered a pest, and must be destroyed. The TREES must be preserved—the PEST must go.

And yet the Drink Traffic is allowed to continue.

The public highway is in a bad state, the roads are full of holes and deep ruts. Traffic is hindered. Such a state of things cannot be allowed in a well-ordered town or city. The ROADS must be repaired. They are a menace to life and property.

And yet the Drink Traffic goes on.

There is an individual who seizes the most favorable street corner to advertise his wares, and perpetrate his hoax upon a too gullible public. The trick is discovered—his nostrums are valueless—he has deceived the public—he is a swindler—he is arrested—the law deals with him—the public approves.

And yet the most gigantic swindler, the most glaring boix is continued, acknowledged, LICENSED. The Drink Traffic goes on.

A man, physically weak, makes his way stumblingly along the street. His unfortunate condition is noticed by a bystander who sees in the weakness of his fellow an opportunity for fun (?) sport. He deliberately carries his purpose into effect—the weak one is tripped up and left to lie in the gutter. Onlookers—indeed, the world—cries out, "Cid, coward!" The assaulter must answer for his asault.

What of the man who trades upon the MORAL WEAKNESS of his fellows in order to accumulate capital?

Disease-breeding, pestiferous, there it stood a refuse heap, its fumes poisoning, polluting the air around. Contrary to all the sanitary laws governing the community, its presence is an insult, an injustice to the neighborhood. Public health is endangered, it must be removed instantly.

What of the cesspools that crowd our thoroughfares, belching forth their mortal poison, smiting with cruel blight, blasting the hopes of young and old alike, and vampire-like feasting, thriving upon the blood of its victims?

Oh, the sin of it! Oh, the shame and curse of it! Cruel lottery in the which all the PRIZES are for the Government Revenues and Distillers' Gains, and the BLANKS for the duped, befooled victims?

Must this continue? There will soon be an opportunity to give answer. Then in the name of GOD and RIGHT—and HOME, answer NEVER. H. K.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

SAUL CHSEN KING.

1 Samuel x. 1-27.

Anointed for Life Work.

THIS was one of the greatest days in Saul's life when Samuel, the prophet of the Lord, anointed him to be captain over His people. Not for a term of a few years only, but for life!

What a spiritual state! What a glorious change was given!

A good beginning is a good thing. How many of you children have had one? A start with God and a start for life—then, whatever sphere of life we fill, we shall be blest and victorious.

Three Signs to Prove God's Word.

All this would be so new to Saul that perhaps he found it rather difficult to believe all. Therefore, to assure him it was real and no dream—true and not fiction—Samuel said three different signs should convince him.

How nobly and gently this grand old man deals with Saul—if his words or free expenses any doubt no sign of impatience escapes Samuel. Truly great

Every man makes his own character. Whether you are good, or whether you are bad, it is by your own choice.

THE GENERAL

people are kind. We can all be kind if not great, but we cannot be great without being kind.

God Calls and Fits for Special Work.

"The Spirit of the Lord" was promised to come upon him, and "the Spirit" is a wonderful teacher, inspired and blesser. Saul was not to be left to himself, but him he had to depend on. God, who had brought him into this high place, was going to fit him to fulfil his calling. This is God's way! He has done the same for many of His servants.

No Human Propri!

Saul's test of faith! He was to take a journey and wait for seven days until Samuel joined him. This was a bit hard—Samuel was his first spiritual helper, and now Saul had to leave him and proceed alone.

There was Divine wisdom in this arrangement. Saul might have been tempted to lean too much upon the prophet and too little upon God.

It had been so with some! There are times when we feel human aid, counsel and sympathy are so precious and desirable that unless we are given the example of the prophet, we are apt to be led astray.

Saul obeyed the voice of Samuel. He did not waste time in arguing about his feelings, etc., but went according to his instructions, and how promptly obedience was rewarded. No sooner had he turned his back upon Samuel and set his face to the threshold of the journey alone, than God girded him and worked for him a wonderful miracle.

Never before had Saul moved in such society, but instead of being overwhelmed by the sense of his own weakness, he acted as the occasion required because "God was with him."

A Changed Heart and a Touched Tongue.

God had changed his heart and His Spirit was upon His servant, therefore Saul prophesied with the prophets, and the people who saw and heard him, and knowing him only as the son of Kish, were puzzled and failed to understand the great change.

How many Salvation Soldiers have amazed their friends and neighbors in the very same way. God gave them new hearts and this meant a new tongue, a new song, a new message and a new life used in glorifying Him who had wrought these miracles.

Curiosity not Satisfied.

After Saul proceeded again upon his journey he was met by his uncle, who questioned him as to all that had passed since he went away, but Saul did not satisfy him. Very probably the reason for this was, because he knew it was no ordinary personal affair, but one relating to the Kingdom—God's business; and, too, it would be revealed at God's own appointed time and in His own appointed way. Then, again, here was another proof of his humility. Instead of being "puffed up" by all that had passed, he felt humbled and unworthy of this honor and distinction.

A Tried Jehovah or an Unproved King.

Reading carefully verses 17, 18 and 19 it seems as if Samuel's very soul was stirred within him at the King's ingratitude and foolishness, and as if he returned to persuade them by reminding them of the wonders God had wrought for them and for their fathers; and without doubt even now here was a chance to confess their wrong in desiring a King, and to rebuke Jehovah, but because they wanted to be like other nations they held out.

God's Way and God's Time.

It was at this great assembly that it was to be known whom God had chosen for their King, so we can imagine with what great interest and excitement all the tribes had cast their eyes upon the declaration was made. By tribes and by thousands they passed before Samuel, until eleven tribes had passed, and only the tribe of Benjamin yet to

come, and this was the smallest of all. Then came by the families of the family of Kish, which was the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin. Saul was taken, but Saul was missing, and his name was called out as the chosen king. His feelings had overcome him and he had hid himself, and his hiding place was discovered and he was brought out amongst the people.

MEMORY TEXT.

"For God is with thee."

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

"I have submitted this song to the memory of the Woodstock audience and the brave there. They have pronounced it a hit. It makes a nice Sunday night solo, and can be changed to suit laud or brother, as the case may be.—R. P."

BY ENSIGN R. PUGH.

Tune.—My old Kentucky home, good night (Key G).

Let me sing a song of the days of long ago,

Of the days when I wandered on in sin,

And my life was filled with bitterness and woe,

But I struggled hard to hide what was within,

I loved the world with its pleasures gay and bright,

They were to me more than ought on earth beside,

And I grew to hate those who lived for God,

And God was right,

What to turn me from my wrong so vainly tried.

Chorus to 1st and 2nd Verses.

Sin no more my brother (sister), sin no more, I say,

But come to Christ and then you'll have no fear,

To meet Him on the awful Judgment Day.

For month I sought to ease my troubled mind,

By pretending that religion was all rot, That for Christ no place in history could we find,

And as for God—He was part of a plot, But I'm glad to-night that the Spirit still did strive,

And left me not to be crushed by the toe,

But I said the words of a soul that was alive

To my danger—in the days of long ago.

I stood one night amongst a motley crowd Gathered round the Army's open-air ring,

And I listened, as with their heads de-

And on their knees, of Calvary's stream did sing.

I saw the Blood that I had so long des-

plased,

I heard the Saviour say, "Why won't you go

And follow by faith beneath the cleans-

ing tide?"

And I did it, praise the Lord, now long ago.

2nd Chorus, after last Verse.

Sin no longer charms me, it has lost its power,

And now I'm saved to-night, I love God with all my might.

Won't you come and prove it, too, this very hour.

—A dying Junior said, "Father, I've come to the river and it's not dark—it's like floating silver."

—Mrs. Adjutant Ballou's first convert

is a Miss Stanton, who, about a year ago, left Toronto to go as a missionary to China, where she is doing a precious work for Christ.

LIGHT BRIGADE NOTES.

West Ontario.

Having completed the return for quarter ending June, I thought our War Cry readers would like to hear of our advances in this direction. I am glad to have the privilege of welcoming the following agents: Sister Clark, Mrs. Rock, Mr. Parnell, Mrs. Kelly, Bruce Fawcett, John Green, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Grant, Brother Pugh, Mrs. Avery, Brother Parnell, Mrs. Jackie, Mrs. Butt, which brings the number of Local Agents up to 32, and also makes a good increase in new boxes.

BOX MONEY.

The total of \$185.50 for the quarter is a net increase of \$11.50 above last quarter.

NEW TOWNS.

Courtright did splendidly. \$3.05 for eight boxes is not so slow. Also Wyoming and Harrison did well. Hats off to the worthy leaders, Brother Beasley, Sister Durrance and Brother Cowan.

MEETING PROCEEDS.

The subject of the "Torn Bible" is very touching and impressive. The meetings have been most appreciated and a total of \$20 raised, of which over \$10 was left to assist the local corps and officers.

HONORABLE MENTION.

London's total of \$22 is splendid, being \$15 ahead of last. Also Coombs and his worthy L. A. deserve a great credit. The same can be said of Brantford, total \$27.50, also Mother Broadwell with \$11.50, her own box contained \$4.10, and in fact the whole Province have fought a noble fight, but for want of space and in fear of the Editor's W. P. R. I have to refrain from mentioning separately their names.

JAILS, HOTELS AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

Woodstock Jail box heads the way with \$3, also a Blenheim hotel with \$2, Simcoe station \$2.15.

TICKET SELLING.

I am pleased to say this is improving in many of the corps. Although we are a little behind on this line the P. A. feels it his duty to mention the kindness shown by the field officers, also for their ready assistance with the G. B. M. in their work.

Of course Brother Sims thinks his Agents are just the best on earth, but he must remember they have to take a second place and allow the worthy L. A. of the West to show them a few things. But we wish them success.—H. E. Collier, P. A.

The North-West.

Brother Gill, of Winnipeg, is going to get a move on and surprise the Dominion this coming quarter. He is a real advocate of the G. B. M. Scheme. Oh, for more like him.

What's the matter with L. A. Underwood, of Pe. Part? She's all right. Just think, \$14.55 for such a small town.

"Go thou and do likewise," ye L. A's.

NOTE.—S. A. Quarters had \$2.75 in their box. What think ye of this? Beat it if you can.

Mrs. Pangborn, just appointed L. A. for Victoria, has \$2.10 in her box. Now Victoria, please shake yourself out of the dust of despair. With such a practical agent at your head you will shine. I do believe.

Hurrah for Morden! Just think, L. A. Duncan had no less than \$5 in her own boxes. How did she get it? Why took her boxes to the Exhibition with her. Remember Lazarus wherever you go.

Then there is Mrs. Modall, of Valley City, remembered her box and had the neat sum of \$2.11 in it. What do you say to this for a poor woman? Well done, thou good and faithful friend of the poor!

Now then, I wonder what is the matter with all these L. A's who have made no return this last quarter. Rouse ye, and be "diligent" in business.

God bless the F. O's out West here. They are a practical lot. They sympathise with Lazarus, and do their best to help the scheme and my meetings. Captain Barrager and Lieutenant Strong sold about 100 tickets of the best for my lantern service in a half a day. Now is it impossible, ye F. O's, to sell tickets? ENSIGN CUMMINS, P. A.

[Our Mission Field.]

CEYLON.

The Singhalese People—Their Religion—
The Salvation Army Opened Fire
in 1883.

LIEUTENANT GUNERATNA, CO-
LOMBO.

THE Singhalese people, who are the real natives living in Ceylon, are descended from an ancient race of wild warlike people who lived in this little island hundreds of years ago.

The early inhabitants were called "Zakkhos" or demons. Some of the Singhalese kings who reigned over Ceylon before the Portuguese took the island employed these "Zakkhos" as they called them, to build rock temples, make tanks and carve huge images of Buddha.

Even up to this day the ruins of several temples are to be seen. Though many of them were destroyed, they were rebuilt again. These kings were very cruel to the poor natives.

The Singhalese proper form of government and the king did as he pleased, women and children whose husbands disobeyed the royal commands were drowned in a lake, or tied hands and feet and thrown in the jungles for wild beasts to devour. The last of the Singhalese kings, Sir Wiliwrama Parakram Singh, got the wife of a man who had been executed, to pound the heads of her little children in a mortar, lashing her with a whip if she was slow with her work. What horrible cruelty!

They were Heathens.

The Singhalese people are all Buddhists—that is, worshippers of Buddha—and believe in the supremacy of Buddha. For instance, when a person gets sick, instead of calling a doctor, they hold a devil dancing ceremony, offering food and flowers to the devil and invoking him to cure the sick person.

The Singhalese do not dress and paint their bodies and look very hideous, as with drums and reed instruments they make a big "go" of it till morning, only to find that the person is worse dead.

They are very fond of drinking "arrack." Arrack is a very strong kind of liquor and makes one tipsy when taken too much. When the coconut palm puts forth its flower it is tapped and cut. A pot is then hung to the end, and within a few weeks when taken down, it is filled with a sweet liquid called "toddy." This is boiled and after a process of fermentation, to which tobacco and other baneful drugs are added, it becomes "arrack." A bottle is sold at the rate of 75¢.

The Portuguese took Ceylon first from the Singhalese, the Dutch then became masters of the island until it was taken possession of by the British, in 1815.

The Salvation Army

opened fire in 1883. Only one English officer and his wife with two Lieutenants held meetings in a deserted building. They had to suffer a great deal.

The British did not like that sort of people these new comers were who wore red and yellow cloth and walked bare foot. The devil did his best to drive the Army out of Ceylon, but the power of God prevailed and glory, we got the victory. By 1885 the Army came to us more, and our subjects, when they became more friendly, Praise God! To-day there are 29 corps and over 100 officers, two Training Garrisons, a Rescue and Prison Gate Home and a corps of the Naval and Military League in the following locations: The Pioneer Box League (G. B. M.) was started lately. Over 500 boxes are out, and it bids fair to be a great success and help to the S. A. work in Ceylon.

The Junior War.

The Singhalese mothers train up their children to follow the religion of their forefathers—Buddhism. During the "new" or full moon days, hundreds of them take their little ones in their arms to the temples and there fall down and worship the image of Buddha. They love their children much, and often sacrifice themselves to them. Buddha, as we do little ones under the Blood-and-Fire to God and the Army. The Junior war, to praise God, is going ahead in Tanka. The jungle corps of the interior of the island have nice meetings weekly and it's blessed to see the little ones, under 12 years, ready to Jesus' power to save and keep. Hallelujah!

—If the day of salvation leaves you graceless, the day of judgment will leave you speechless.—Sunday Companion.



On Dominion Day the Salvationists of Ceylon held a picnic at Long Branch, and at the same place a party of the deaf mutes were enjoying the day. The Salvationists and mutes joined forces and had a very pleasant day together.

The above cut is reproduced from a photo taken by one of the mutes just as the picnickers were about to separate for their several homes after the day's enjoyment.

WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

FTER thirteen months' hard fighting in Whitechapel, with skeletons out side, and a few old folks inside, who could not see why it should be called "Whitechapel," the Army of Christian Mission, and why we should have so much testimony instead of preaching etc., etc., my next appointment was the opening of the Regent's Hall, Oxford St., London W.

The General and Mrs. Booth, Orange Horlicks, Dr. Dykes, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, and Mr. Jim were a few of the specials brought in for the opening. To say we had a big crowd is no word for it. We had the place jammed full, and at

home done good service in the S. A. Major Sloter (of the Musical Department) also Mrs. Sloter, are amongst the first converts of the rank. So was Major Marshall, Editor of All the World, both of whom I had the joy of dealing with at the opening. The Army of Christian Mission, with its glorious fighting we had over five hundred good soldiers and many recruits, a good brass band, the bandmaster of then is bandmaster still and has been ever since, was the Sergeant-Major who has held his office continuously for over sixteen years, and the Hall, when I was ordered to furnish a holy home after offering £25 per month and a furnished home if I would stay in the neighbourhood. I thanked her but said, "No, if the Salvation Army had not given me this chance to work, I should never have been known here, therefore I am going on with them still."

Twenty Thousand Outside

wanting to get in, with over a hundred policemen to keep them something like in order, and to keep the place from burning down, but not the lights, look up, etc., and thousands were outside waiting for me, swearing, threatening what they would do, and as I was in lodgings at a Coffee Tavern near by, I thought I had better wait for the police to come, but when I got out, it was a March and very cold, it took over two hours before Higginson Simpkin and myself dare turn out. Then in other clothes I got out and they did not know me, but said "he was escaped after all." Sliners got saved by hundreds, and amongst the first lot at the pentent form was

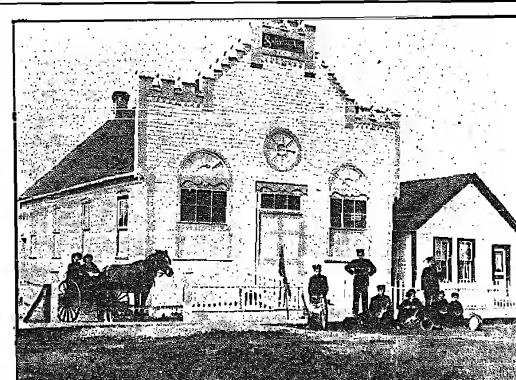
Heads and Hats were Broken

In coming and returning, to help with the orders. Many others had the same trouble, and I suppose I had to be the last out, put out the lights, look up, etc., and thousands were outside waiting for me, swearing, threatening what they would do, and as I was in lodgings at a Coffee Tavern near by, I thought I had better wait for the police to come, but when I got out, it was a March and very cold, it took over two hours before Higginson Simpkin and myself dare turn out. Then in other clothes I got out and they did not know me, but said "he was escaped after all." Sliners got saved by hundreds, and amongst the first lot at the pentent form was

A Young Chemist.

and last week at the General's meetings at Birmingham, this chemist was there helping in the meetings with others, and said as we sat at ten together, "You remember my getting saved, don't you, over sixteen years ago, at the Regent's Hall?" He is now Major Thonger, and

—Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life which does not hide a secret, which is either its thorn or its spur. Everywhere grief, hope, comedy, tragedy.



NEEWA BARRACKS AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Brunette to Glory.

Sister Mrs. Bitton, Ottawa.

Death has again visited our ranks and taken our dear comrade, Mrs. W. Bitton. I thought long and hard for these dear years, and unable to follow the practices of a Salvationist, she lived a true Christian life, always interested in the work. In her illness she was patient, looking unto Jesus. In her last moments she asked her husband and family to meet her in heaven. She had a brief testimony that "all was well." The deceased leaves an husband (Sergeant Walter Bitton) son and daughter, who have our sincere sympathy in their loss. Adjutant McLean conducted the service. She was buried with full A. honors, the caskets turning out for the deceased, laying the remains in Beechwood Cemetery.

On the following Sunday evening we held a memorial service conducted by Adjutant McLean, and Captain French, and concluded with a prayer. Sister's life. At the close of the meeting two sons came to Jesus, one being our deceased comrade's daughter. We indeed feel our loss at our corps, but we are encouraged to press on until like our sister, we meet around the Throne, there to praise God forever.—A. French.

Sister Mrs. McCoombs, Palmerston

Palmerston.—Since last report Sister Mrs. McCoombs has passed quietly away. The funeral service was conducted on July 1st by Ensign Savage, of St. Catharines, assisted by Captain Felt and Lieutenant Mumford, of this corps. Sister was a bright, young, spiky, dear sister. In her good days when she was stationed here, and urged all to get ready to meet their God.

HOW HE FELL.

HE was a drunkard, not one who was found in the gutters perhaps, but just a young fellow yet in his teens, who would get drunk, gamble, swear, smoke, and have what is called a good time generally with the boys.

The Army came along and picked him up, and through the grace and power of God he was saved. He was a bright young convert, gave up all old habits and sins, and started on a new life. To attend the meetings, pray, sing, and testify seemed to be his dearest delight.

He fought on through great temptations, and developed into a beautiful soldier, possessing a humble spirit, and spirit of willingness to do whatever he was called upon. He showed signs of ability, made use of, and increased his self-sacrifice, virtue of the O. D. O. and his general popularity by composing Blood-and-Fire Officers, will do a fair share to make the Territorial results another crowning triumph in our beloved leader's administration.—From "The Command," W. O. P.

He was called for the Field. At first refused, but in a short time came out with face beaming with a heavenly light shouting, "Victory! I've got the victory!"

He entered the field. His first station was hard—very. He, with his Captain, often had to sleep on the barracks floor. The people would not come to the meetings, and the place had to be closed. But he fought on, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

He was looked upon as a good, bright lad (which he certainly was) and likely to become a promising officer. Was promoted, and put into responsible positions.

He fought through his experience he seemed to be greatly persecuted. In one of his meetings a young man came to the pentent form, and got beautifully saved. When he arose from his knees, he turned to the Captain and his comrade's neck, and with tears in his eyes confessed his intention of killing him that night, having an old grudge against him, but God's Spirit took hold of him, and he had to come and get saved. Thus was he wonderfully delivered.

He awoke, alas, little by little he lost that spirit of humility, forgot the pit from whence he was dug, became proud, lost his hold upon God, and at last took off his uniform, knelt before God and prayed this awful prayer, "Now, God, I will leave me alone, I'll have You alone."

So he left his God-chosen work, left the path of righteousness, peace, and holiness, and went into the world a miserable backslider.

And God took him at his word, and left him alone, or before very long he even left the world alone.

Should he die impotent, what an awful death his will be!—Red Riding Hood.



IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

has fixed the dates for holding the

HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29
and 30.

All places East and West of
Ontario, September 10, 11, 12
and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,
Chief Secretary.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS-

Lieutenant Liddell, of Peterborough, to be
Captain.

Lieutenant Grose, of Sherbrooke, to be
Captain.

Lieutenant Latouche, of Pembroke, to be
Captain.

APPOINTMENT-

(Omitted last week.)

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH to be Ed-
itor of the War Cry and Young Sol-
dier.

Ensign Adams, late of the Eastern
Provincial Headquarters, to be Assis-
tant Trade Secretary.

MARRIAGE-

Adjutant J. W. Hay, of the Pacific
Province, to Ensign Woolcott, of
Rozeman, Mont., at Spokane, on July
14th, by Brigadier Howell.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not wish to return rejected manuscripts. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin an inch wide. Use separate sheets of paper for return of War Cry to "Mountain Pen" and for Corps reports.

What are you going to do with your
sin?

Like a sunbeam in the gutter, shining
there unheeded, should a Salvationist be
in this world of sin.

To Tour the Territory for Consolida-
tion and Spiritual Uplifting.

BEFORE this War Cry reaches our
readers the Territorial Secretary
will have commenced his inspection work
in the East. While it would be wrong
to infer that we are worse off in respect
to organization than formerly—which
could scarcely be, seeing the strong pres-
sure there has been in the direction of
organization for sometime past—yet we
are prepared to admit that a very much
more effective service for God and the
people can be rendered by the Army in
this Territory, by perfecting the organiza-
tion in points where we are weak in
that respect, and by ensuring the proper
carrying out of the rules and regulations
that already exist. Brigadier Margetts
goes in this work as the Commissioner's
direct representative, full of love and
zeal for God's glory and the success of
the war. We are confident he will be a
blessing and help to our beloved fighters
on the field from the Provincial Officers
to the last recruit in the ranks, and we
anticipate his visit to the different cen-
tres being scenes of salvation triumph,
as well as times of consolation in the
interests of the Army's regular workings.

"Whatever the future may require,
His grace will surely allow;
I'll live a moment at a time,
And Jesus saves me now."

Good-Bye!

WITH this issue Brigadier Compton
concludes his duties as Editor, which
appointment he has so ably held
for about six years. In saying a good-bye
to the Editorial Office, it will in no wise
mean good-bye to the War Cry, for his
masterly pen, we trust, will yet con-
tribute many articles and stories. The
Brigadier will go on a short well-earned
rest before assuming his new and multi-
farious duties as General Secretary.

Welcome!

BIGADIER FRIEDRICH will be
fully initiated in his new sphere of
influence ere this Cry reaches the public.
The transfer of the Editorial chair took
place with a most cordial hand-shake
between the out-going and in-coming
Editors. Let the numerous contributors
from among our Staff and Field, and
from our many friends, rally to his assistance.



BRIGADIER COMPTON.

International Personal Paragraphs.

GREAT BRITAIN

COMMISSIONER POLLARD and Major
Jolliffe having had a most successful
conference with the Box Agents.—
Commissioner Pollard accompanied the
General to Scandinavia.—Adjutant Cun-
ningham, late of South Africa, is the
latest addition to the British Editorial
Staff. He has come here from the
Parish and the M. B. of the district
on his platform at Leyton.—Mrs. Major
Jolliffe, who has been ill for twelve
months, is slowly recovering.—Mrs.
Brigadier Hoggard is seriously ill.

UNITED STATES

The Commander took part in the
Christian Endeavor Convention, held
in the Union Gospel Tabernacle at the
Electric Park Camp, and another at the
Old Orchard Camp.—Both the Com-
mander and Consul will be present at
the demonstration in connection with the
inauguration of the new Training System
at Memorial Hall, on August 3rd.—
Adjutant Edgecombe, late of the Service
for London, Eng., and new Women's
Training Secretary for the States, has
arrived in New York.—In addition to
his Social oversight Colonel Holland has
taken command of what is known as
the Rocky Mountains Division, consisting
of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming.

Brigadier Bowes has been sick and
will not return from her furlough before
the end of September.

HOLLAND.

The Marechale has been invited as
representing the Salvation Army to speak
at one of the great demonstrations in
connection with the National Carnival
in the coronation of the Queen, in
August.—The General had a powerful
meeting in the beautiful grounds of the
Baron von Tuij, near Haarler.

AUSTRALIA.

The Commander has been seriously
indisposed. Despite much suffering, how-
ever, he has heroically kept the front
and all his public engagements.—
Mrs. Booth is doing a new and valiant
thing with her Social lectures. By means
of a splendid lime-light apparatus the
actual scenes of which she speaks are
thrown upon the canvas—life-like pictures
of her personal efforts amongst the fallen
and destitute.

NEXT WEEK'S CRY

ALL'S WELL! THE ARRIVAL OF
OUR KLONDIKERS IN DAWSON
CITY (Illustrated).

AUSTRALIA.

Comrades are also laid up. Pray for our
resting officers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. HAY.—These
comrades were happily married by the
Brigadier in the new S. A. barracks,
Spokane, on July 11th. Everything went
off well. A packed barracks and of
course much interest. Adjutant and Mrs.
Hay are remaining with us for a short
while. May God bless our comrades
and make their united lives a terror to
evil-doers.—The Ruster.

WORLD-WIDE JOTTINGS.

UNITED STATES.

Twenty-five men candidates have
been admitted into the Clelia Gar-
rison for the training of officers.—
1st.—Colonel Holland reports progress
on the Fort Amily Colony. Over 300
acres of land are now under cultivation
and in crops, and the men are happy in
their labor.—The Commander has de-
cided upon the issue of a monthly paper
for the general officers. The first number
will be out on August 1st.—The work
on the sale of all Salvation Army ten
in the United States is now devoted to
the rescue work. Every Rescue Home
will be a headquarters for the Tea
League.—New York is to have two new
large institutions. Two splendid lodg-
ing-houses have been secured on the
Bower. One a five-story building hav-
ing accommodation for 207 men will be
opened as a Men's Shelter. The other is
to be a Woman's Shelter, and will accom-
modate 136.—In the City of Providence,
the Salvation Army has secured a
large and commodious lodging-house
property. The building is completely ill-
luminated and will be a valuable adjunct
to the Social Wing.—The Basket Factory
in Seattle is most successful, and
upon our large Social wood tract 1,000
cords of wood have been cut.—During
one month the Army in the United States
operated 14 Work Depots and thirty-three
shelters in which we supplied 76,000 beds
and 24,000 meals.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Army's Annual Report of Sowing
and Reaping has been favorably noticed
by the London and Provincial daily Press.
—The Trade Department and its em-
ployees spent a day's outing at the Had-
leigh Colony.—A big Field family
picnic was held on August 1st.—
An industrious Lieutenant is study-
ing botany for Band of Hope
purposes.—Amongst the recent visitors
at the Hadleigh Colony was Sir Horace
Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland.

AUSTRALIA.

The Home hitherto used by the
Townsville Prisoners Aid Society
is transferred to the Admin-
istration of the Salvation Army, and
will form a prominent centre of our
Rescue work.—The 25,000 acres which
have been procured from the West Australian
Government for the Army's Social
purposes to be known as the Colony Farm
Colony are getting under way. An
important development is the grant made
by the Superintendent of Charities for
the Army to take charge of the boys in
the Reformatory at Rottnest—the penal
settlement island about fourteen miles
from Fremantle.—The Colony Farm
Annual promise to be unique.—
Sir Eschleman, the Governor of South
Australia, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton,
has promised to preside in Adelaide. Sir
Samuel Griffiths, Chief Justice of Queens-
land, will occupy a similar position at
Brisbane.

JAVA.

Some 500 Chinese and Javanesse attended
the native welcome of Major and Mrs.
Cumming. Their welcome was simple
but appropriate, a portion of upon the
door.—Seminares No. II corps might
almost be termed a sisters' corps. Javanesse
women will not come to meetings
which are attended by a number of men.
Special efforts for their salvation, how-
ever, have resulted already in many
blessed skinned sisters of the native town.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam has a brigade of Shelter
men 150 strong. Their singing at the
11th Anniversary of our work in that
country created quite a sensation.—
Shelter in Brussels accommodates 150
men. Many literal wrecks of society have
been helped and transformed. An equally
successful Social work is being carried on
at Marcheennes.

Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's brother
Gerald, now a partner with his brother
in a very flourishing photography busi-
ness at Vancouver, and filling a useful
position in the church as President of an
Epworth League Society, was converted
when a child through a little Salvation
Army Junior.

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MRS. HAY.—These
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Everything went
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Adjutant and Mrs.
ith the band for a
as our comrades,
d lives a terror to

JOINTS.

STATES.

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Two splendid lodg-
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Army has received
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most successful, and
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been cut.—During
in the United States
pots and thirty-three
supplied 76,000 beds

BRITAIN.

al Report of Sowing
a very satisfac-
Provincial daily Press,
ment and its em-
a outing at the Hind-
big Field farewell

August 7th.—Lieu-
tenant in the
Battalion at the recent visitors
lony was Sir Horace
al for Queensland.

ITALIA.

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Salvation Army, and
ent centre of our
25,000 men who
the West Austral-
the Army's Social
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ITALIA.

and Javanese attended
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their salvation, how-
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amongst the dark-
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ITALIA.

a brigade of Shelter
Their singing at the
in that
a sensation.—The
re accommodate 150
wrecks of society have
uninformed. An equal
work is being carried on

Brigadier's brother
partner with his brother
and photography hust-
and fitting a useful
art as President of an
Society, was converted
through a little Salvation

Successful Campaign in the Sea-Girt Isle.

Naval Boys Sing—W. G. T. U. Tea—Never
Say Good-Bye—A Token of Love—
Prefund Interest in Prison Work—
Commissioner Come Soon.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.
(Continued from last week.)

ON Sunday afternoon we fished a
packed barbecues at old No. 1.
The time for the general refreshment was
dealt with exhaustively, particularly to
the League of Mercy commissioning. For
over an hour the interest seemed unabated, and enthusiasm prevailed, cul-
minating in a most impressive scene as
the aquatic sisters were dedicated under
two foldings of blessed hands. We
believe the fullness of crystallized in
determination in many hearts present to
more than ever emulate Jesus, the first
Mevy Leaguer. This was evidenced by
the number who stood with the soldiers
in a closing consecration service.

Justice and wisdom.—We started
in the evening with 500 people
who packed the barbecues. The
justice and wisdom of God's
way of dealing with the consolences of
men was earnestly emphasized. I distinct-
ly heard the ticking of the clock
when we were warned to the
many hundreds who sat that solemn
meeting and who went away con-
vinced, but not converted, re-
sisting all the best impulses of their
hearts. Two people yielded in the prayer
meeting.

I returned from "Round the Bay" after
enjoying my visit to Harbor Grace and
Carbonear very much, for two meetings
in St. John's before leaving the Island.
Ensign Kenway and Newman had well
arranged my visit and were very
kind indeed. I was sorry to disappoint
Buy Roberts and Ursula, owing to lack
of work and excessive weariness after
my heavy tour.

At old No. 1 "Boundless salvation" was
the theme, and a most successful meeting took
place. At No. 2 a farewell meeting was
arranged through the kindness of Mrs.
Hoggs.

Adjutant and Mrs. McLean were also
present, with many other officers. Adjutant
McLean, though in very poor
health, was untiring in his efforts to
minister in the meetings. Successive large
crowds were present at all previous meetings
at both these last services. "They never
say good-bye in heaven," was sung
happily at a finale at my last meeting
at No. 2.

TEA WITH THE V. C. T. U. On the
last afternoon the W. G. T. U. arranged
a special meeting and five o'clock tea. A
pleasant and profitable hour was spent,
and happy fraternal greetings given.
The ladies promised to assist Ensign
Tovey every way in their power. God
bless them.

Measures of love to old comrades and
leaders were given in the farewell meetings
in abundance, and expressions of
affection for, and loyalty to our dear
Commissioner, and Newfoundland friends
and Salvations, are very anxious for
her to visit the Island soon, "and stay
next time."

Salvationists in the "Sea-girt Isle" are
true to the principles of self-sacrifice and
devotion. Though my visit was in the
worst season, the summer, when
hundreds are away at the fisheries, the
meetings were well attended, and the
fervency and red-hot Salvationism. The
singing was of the heartiest character.
The praying was characterized by the
old-time earnestness which used to
impress my husband and I so much while
in charge of the work. The meetings were
most successful. They are a happy, blessed
people, who get the best service out of
one-tenth of the strong faith given, and
the expectancy manifested.

The Island has suffered great losses
commercially and otherwise, and is at
the moment in a state of great
desolation and poverty. Some old
friends are gone, through removal and
death, but there are many who have given
their money and influence for years,
whose names are known and affection-
ately remembered by officers in every
part of the world.

Ensign Payne is very ill but full of
hope. He was feeling, I am glad to say,
a little better when I saw him just before
leaving St. John's. Comrades, remember
him when you pray, also his
dear wife. The Newfoundland Press, in
fact, the entire everywhere,
published a lengthy and interesting report
of the meetings, for which they have the
gratitude of the Reseve Officers.

Brigade-Sergeant Webber and his com-

rades from H. M. S. "Cordelia" rendered
good service with their music and songs
in several of the meetings. Brother
Webber is in charge of the Army's Naval
and Military League in the North Atlantic
Squadron. He is being very much
blessed in his work among the men in
the Navy. God bless the Army's brave
sailor boys!

I can never forget the loving care
manifested in my personal welfare, and the
warm, deep sympathy, and resolute
co-operation shown my loved work by all
from the time I dropped weary and
travel-stained into a comfortable chair
in Mr. Tovey's room, and never slept
after my trying voyage until the last
attention paid me by dear Ensign Tovey
as the "Bruce" train steamed out of the
station at 3 a.m. All the many words
and deeds I cannot chronicle are indelibly
impressed on my heart, and they were
adapting the words of the sainted Wesley,
and exclaiming, "THE BEST OF ALL
IS GOD WAS WITH ME!"

A "Man-of-War's-Man" Tells of Mrs. Read's Visit "Round the Bay."

The announcement of Mrs. Brigadier
Read's visit to Newfoundland was a source of
joy to many of her old friends of Harbor Grace
and Carbonar, thoughts of past blessing
and inspiration received while they sat
listening to her addresses delivered
over four years ago, and they looked
forward expecting to receive new inspira-
tion. I distinctly heard the ticking of the clock
when we were warned to the
many hundreds who sat that solemn
meeting and who went away con-
vinced, but not converted, re-
sisting all the best impulses of their
hearts. Two people yielded in the prayer
meeting.

It was a very peculiar and not alter-
ing but legs, as the individuals
possessing them were right under a
section of the canoe, and none the
less striking to witness the altitude
with which these passengers passed
safely over the multitude of large
boulders between huge crevices,
through mud up to the thigh, and then
clamber up rocks which must have been
at an angle of 75 degrees. The reader,
with the writer will consider such
skillful accomplishment a feat which
the most able athlete might agree in
judging very praiseworthy—but was

OUR KLONDIKERS AT LAKE BENNETT.

A Sea of Tents—Games Carrying—Un-
friendly Mosquitos—No Longer
"Tenderfoot."

VER the Chilcotin Pass are we
at last, after many a pull and
struggle, and have our three
tents pitched in a selected spot
between two large snow-capped
mountains. The town of Bennett, a
mile to the west, is the latter, the
way, being nothing but a scat-
tered cluster of huts, as our readers will know, is the point
the Chilcotin and White Passes.

Journeying mercies and blessings
truly have been plentiful, and our
hearts are full of praise and gratitude to
God for all His goodness in so singularly
and beautifully coming to our help,
and with frequency that appeared
nothing short of miraculous.

It was a very peculiar and not alter-
ing but legs, as the individuals
possessing them were right under a
section of the canoe, and none the
less striking to witness the altitude
with which these passengers passed
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skillful accomplishment a feat which
the most able athlete might agree in
judging very praiseworthy—but was

equally true of Bennett. They quickly
hastened to our two open-air rings,
and stayed until the very last word
was uttered, and judging by their altered
expressions, were very much affected. Our second amounted to \$44.55.

"I am glad you are going in," said a
kind friend yesterday, as she placed \$3
in my hand. The feeling of the people
could not be better. Men and women of
all nations have begun to regard the
Salvation Army as their friend, and
treat it as such.

Farewell of Brigadier Read.

(Special.)

Good crowd at Lisgar Street last night.
Brigadier Read said good-bye. Thought
he would audience stand on late.
One sister runs to the Cross over.
Blessed influence. The Brigadier gave
stirring spiritual nautical address. Mrs.
Read also took part. Soldiers' meeting
followed. "God be with you till we
meet again," sung fervently. Comrades
all present pray for Brigadier's phys-
ical restoration.

READ ♦

"PACK HORSES,"

OR,

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS,"

BY

MISS BOOTH,

—IN—

NEXT WEEK'S CRY.

[For Our Band of Love Boys.]

THE PICTURE "DEVELOPED."

I KNOW a boy who has a camera
and takes pictures. He took me into
his dark-room the other day to
show me how to develop a plate. He
had been down to the Battery, New
York, that afternoon—it is not a battery
at all now, being a little park on the tip
end of Manhattan Island—and had
"snapped" a picture. He did not tell me
what it was going to be, and all I had to
do was to sit and wait.

First he poured clean water into a tray,
and then by the dim light of a red lantern
took a glass plate out of his camera.
"The picture is on that," he said, as he
slid it into the water tray. "May the
picture was there, but when I saw a was a
puff of glass round on one side with
something that looked like cream. While
the plate soaked, my little photographer
was busy with his bottles and measures,
mixing a glass full of clear liquid that he
called his "developer."

"Now watch," he warned me, as he
lifted the plate from its bath and placed
it in an empty tray, covered the developer
over the blank, creamy surface. I watched,
no change yet. He was watching the tray intently, rocking the tray gently. Look! there are spots in the cream. The upper part of the plate
is darkening. "Sky," says the operator.
The sky is dark over the clouds. "Water," he murmers. What is this?
The creamy remnant in the central field is
taking form. Slender lines of white
traverses the dark sky. A mass of white
becomes a vessel with spars and rigging,
two massive stacks, four towering masts.
The smoke rises from her chimneys, a
tore of long, long smoke, a long, long
sweep behind her in a majestic
avenue. The blank cream plate has developed
into a perfect picture of an Atlantic
steamship. The picture was all on
the plate when we went into the dark-
room, but it took the developer to bring
it out.

I knew a young man who was remarkable
for his good looks and genial manners.
He was one of those fellows whom
everyone likes. So far as his friends
could see, his life was as clear as that
of a crystal ball. He was the life and soul
of the party; and it is said that he wakes up
in the middle of the night shivering with
fear that the police have caught him at
last. "That can't be the same young
man," you say. "Ah, but it is the very
same man he has been in the 'developer.'"
Smart as he seems, he has been
exposed to temptation in his boyhood,
and got in the habit of being not quite
honest. Nobody knew it. But one day he
was in "dark-room," with a terrible
temptation, and the character which he
had been so long flushed out. He stole
one hundred thousand dollars and left.
At some time or other, strong motives
will bring to light the skeletons you have
been carrying.

What has been said of Lindeman is

done, and without mishap (oh, the
mosquitoes, I labor to write in great
pain) and our boats as well as our
effects were landed in safety and in
good condition, so that I suppose each
individual officer would now no longer
be called "tender-foot," but "profes-
sional packers."

The following prices at Lindeman
and Bennett might be of some interest.
I will commence with saying that we
had to pay 5c an hour for a wheel on the
grindstone, such luxuries of course
to be taken in moderation.

Meals, \$1: wood at the summit of
the tender-foot, 25c per pound, 3c:
wages, 50c an hour; meat, 25c per
pound; potatoes per pound, 25c; fish
per pound, 25c; oats per pound, 15c;
eggs each, 15c; oranges each, 15c;
tomatoes each, 15c; postage, Lindeman,
10c; number per pound, 15c (the
60c); horse shooting, \$1, 25c, \$1, 50c, etc.

At Lindeman we had two splendid
meetings with the trill crowded with
eager and appreciative listeners, all of
whom gave up the warmth of wel-
coming. The moment the corral sounded
and the people emerged from the sea of
tears, a few seconds more they had closed
around us and the meeting was in full
progress. Rough-looking men it is true
they were who stood around that ring,
but nevertheless with hearts, as the
poor encased in the rough shell, and
not a word of unkindness or unkind-
ness and environments might be

considered to make them, as indicated
by the tear as stole out of the corner
of the eye and brushed hastily away
as it was noticed. Spontaneous offerings
amounted to \$19.20.

What has been said of Lindeman is

true of Bennett. They quickly
hastened to our two open-air rings,
and stayed until the very last word
was uttered, and judging by their altered
expressions, were very much affected. Our second amounted to \$44.55.

McGillivray gave
Captain McLean
on have arrived to
the battlefield
We only that
-Maggie Gumble.

Sims, with his lan-
guished. Quite a good
We are still march-
ing to us and we
Goodale, R. C.

night and all day
of Adjutant
her. We give the
good welcome to
going. In to stand
out to win souls
light five precious
and Jesus. Praise
Sergeant May Lang.

have just welcomed
and Mrs. Brodley.
good meetings,
eting was one of
spoke to the people
a. One sister came
for sin. We are
more. We are in to
new officers all we
endent Robert A.

Adjutant Thomas
walt on the 4th of
idence. It being a
thronged our streets
stage and thronged
theatre. Great
ited by them, and
in the collection.
many hearts were
will reveal good ac-
be off the glory.—
Captain and Mrs.

age meetings loom-
ed out at the last
od open-air, large
gigging took an orig-
the people. The God is
and will be. All the
x-drunkards whom
and rescued from a
one, some over two
and up to fifteen
le sight to see and
s. Amen!—Brother
Cor.

for eternity is now
the corner in Mr. J. S.
to the Post Office,
High Street. A kind
that he will
for their bands.
the Trojans and a
ace has been fitted
burden. Money is
re are here. During
walked out of the
over his eye. One
home. We're going

forever meeting at
Sunday. Sister, we
Juniors travelled
her husband and
sister. When Sister
sang, "God be with
it." It seemed that
audience was just
ing she gave her
mony and then ex-
ave sin and to
der deep conviction.
I yield to the striv-
—Lieutenant N. An-

spondents.

been appointed:
J. WELDON, Ches-
. 1888.

NEIL, Omenee,
1888.

IES LINTON, Ux-
ly 7th, 1888.

IVE, Newmarket,
888.

OLLEY, Ahmie Har-
7th, 1888.

ERT CASTER, Or-
7th, 1888.

STEPHENS, Mid-
7th, 1888.

ESQUIMAUX, Lit-
L. July 7th, 1888.

ORGE MASKELL
it., July 7th, 1888.

ARK, Collingwood,
1888.

IA, Hunts-
7th, 1888.

ENCE MOFFATT,
Ont., July 7th, 1888.

Halifax I.—Farewell meetings on Sunday. It being the occasion of the farewell of Adjutant Alkenhead, Captain Goodale and Lieutenant Cowan from this corps after much faithful service and success in the salvation of souls. The Adjutant, as ever, has been a great blessing, and has been the means of the hands of infusing new life into this corps. May the Lord bless her in her new appointment. We feel sorry to part with such a godly, prayerful, self-sacrificing and hard-working officer, but our loss will be the gain of another. And the Captain and Lieutenant, may the Lord bless them in Lunenburg, N. S., and give them victory over every difficulty, and precious souls for their hire. On Friday night a united welcome meeting to our new leaders, Adjutant McGillivray and wife and Captain Hayes, which received an enthusiastic welcome from the soldiers. We believe they are all right, and will no doubt lead us on to victory. Good meetings on Sunday, and one soul at the Cross. —Treasurer Cashin.

THE NORTH-WEST'S BABY CORPS.

Lotbridge.—At last the Salvation Army has proclaimed war against the powers of darkness in the Town of Lethbridge. The first shot was fired on Saturday night, July 2nd, 1888. Lieutenant and myself stormed the forts of darkness in front of one of the hotels. The town band kindly lent their drum for the event. We had a large crowd at the open-air, and they gave us \$5.00 on the drum in a few minutes. We had a good time inside, and many were taken hold of by the Spirit of God. Five have professed to get right with God, and quite a number have given in their hands to be prayed for. We are believing for great victories in this place. The Mounted Police are very kind and will render any assistance needed. One hotel keeper, as we went before his place, to have an open-air meeting, offered all the people out from his bar room and billiard rooms and said, "Now, you must listen to the Army Girls, for I believe they are all right. Of course they are." The people are very kind in giving us things for the quarters. We expect to have all our open-air meetings here in a few weeks. Most of the working people here are miners, and I believe they are the best, kind-hearted people one could wish to meet. We are praying for them to get saved.—Yours for the salvation of the people, Annie Hurst, Captain, Lizzie Dawson, Lieutenant.

THE BRAVE'S STORY.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts
and sails.
I will believe the Hand which never
falls.

From seeming evil worketh good for me:
And though I weep because those sails
are tattered,
Still surely, while my best hopes are
shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers
return
Unanswered from the still white realm
above.
I will believe in the still wise love
Which has refused these things for which
I yearn:
And though at times I cannot keep from
grieving,
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believ-
ing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though arrows fall like
rain:
And troubles swarm like bees about a
hive;
I will believe the heights for which I
strive.
Are only reached by anguish and by pain,
And though I groan and writh beneath
my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest
losses,
The greater calm.

I will not doubt. Well anchored in this
falter,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves
every gale;
So strong its courage will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of
death.
Oh, may I ery, though body parts with
spiritual life,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds
my hear it;
With my last breath!

—Author unknown.

No one ever lost his way through
following Christ.

—A letter to hand from Ensign
Morris, has the printed heading,
"Klondike District." Hurrah for our
latest Missionary Field!

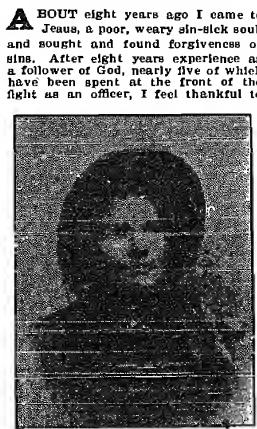
THE WAR CRY.

9

OUR WITNESS BOX.

Local Officer Cashin, of Halifax, on
Seven o'clock Kne-Drill.

CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL.



CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL,
St. Johnbury, Vt.

God for the victories He has given me, and to-day I love God and the fight better than I ever did before. By God's grace I mean to be a faithful soldier, one that God can depend upon, until He said, "It is enough, come up higher."

SHORT AND SHARP SERMONS.

GOOD, BUT SHALLOW.

HE is very good, but shallow, I am afraid." Such was the remark I was obliged to make of one who had come here for Christian work—a character against whom nothing in particular could be said, but respecting whom I intuitively felt that a nothing mind had taken a very deep root—want of depth, a want of power, a want of very earnest spirit.

And such the world is filled with—nothing next to no influence upon people, who are far removed from God, or desire reality—or the great world of sin lies lying outside. In our hearts is the seed sown on stony ground, which having no depth of earth soon are withered away? Are we living for trifles, or are we trifles, living for eternal realities? Are you real?—Captain Sudhavant, India.

SHUN NOT AT ALL.

ON'T snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow breeches in the depth of winter. Don't be afraid to be uncomely in your home; plain and unprepossessing. Abraham Lincoln's home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents: Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to sign his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade: the author of Pilgrim's Progress was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability: Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because he stutters: Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame his harsh stammering voice. Don't snub anyone along because someday they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

BIBLE NOTE.

"Their throat is an open sepulchre." Rom. III. 13.

Notice that imagery—AN OPEN SEPULCHRE—and the Book never lies.

A sepulchre is a place of death. It contains dead men's bones. Its associations are rottenness, decay, stink, mould, and their throat is an OPEN place of that sort. The Lord deliver us. C.

OUR PLATFORM.

Local Officer Cashin, of Halifax, on
Seven o'clock Kne-Drill.

Whosoever will may come to the 7 o'clock a.m. knee-drill, held in most every barracks in the Dominion of Canada, and in the United States. The Lord pours out His Spirit and refreshes and strengthens us for the day's battle for souls. Why don't you come? People don't get blessed by snoring in bed too long in the morning, when they could be up and about. I miss a great blessing, and I don't miss many when I can help it. If you want to make progress in the Christian life, try this means of grace. It will help you. Nothing like prayer to help us in our daily battles with the world. Come to these meetings and then you won't be talking about "the good old times of long ago," but you will be talking about the good times to be enjoyed now.

The Lord is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. Come and thank Him for His mercies and blessings, and for His saving and keeping power, and let your life and your all be in His hands for the salvation of the world.

I MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend or foe, old or young, woman or child, or any person in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be at all our Officers, Soldiers

and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

201. WILLIAMS, THOS. From the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, England. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 46. It will be to his advantage to make his whereabouts known to Commissioner Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

202. PARK, THOMAS. Was last seen by my father, John T. T. T. in Newmarket, Ont., shortly after getting his discharge from the Royal Artillery, then stationed at Halifax, N. S. He is tall, light complexion, bald and eyes. Would be about 42 years old now. We have news for him.

203. Missing, a man, six feet tall, broad shoulders, stooped a little, walks with a cone, white hair cut close, a dent under right eye, about 60 years old. Wears a white shirt, soft, full hair. Lived in Vermont, U. S. A. United States Crye piece copy. In answering this ad, please give name, 3075.

207. SIMMONS, JOHN. Who left Ballym, England, some 28 or 30 years since. Please communicate with Mr. J. J. Collins, Victoria Road, Norblton, Kingston, Surrey, England. He will hear of something to his advantage, or if anyone can produce a certificate of his death will be rewarded for their trouble.

206. BOWERY, GEORGE. Came to Toronto from England some years ago. The last I heard of him he was in a Lunatic Asylum. We would be about like his present address.

209. BUMAGE, WILLIAM. Came to Canada six years ago, from Mr. Fagan's Home in London, England. It is twelve months since his mother heard from him. Will he kindly write to us, or some person please give us his address.

200. CHAPMAN, RICHARD. Medium height, rather stout, fair complexion, age about 28 years. He was last heard of about May 1st, at Boden, Alta., N.W.T.

202. CULLUM, MISS. Will the person who wants her address please communicate at once. Colonel Stitt, Investigation Department, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, England.

203. FAULKES, JOHN. About 36 years ago, came to Canada by trade. Left England for America 14 years ago. He was last heard from two years since. Was then somewhere in Canada. His mother is in deep distress. Will he write us at once, or some person please give us his present address.

204. GILLIESPIE, JOHN. Left Dun-
oon, Scotland, 13 years ago on board the ship "Phimore," bound for San Francisco. He is supposed to now be sailing out of St. Johns, Newfoundland. We are anxious to hear from him or about him.

205. GOWNLAY, MRS. JESSIE. Her last known address was Brantford, Ontario. Prince Edward County. Will she, or anyone knowing her present whereabouts, please send us her address.

206. PETERS, MRS. C. (née Burnett). Last known address was Wellington, Ont. We would like to be informed at once of her present whereabouts.

207. TWAITS, ARTHUR. Sailed from Gravesend, England, for Vancouver four years ago in the "Ilsmoor." Will he or any person acquainted with his whereabouts please write to us at once.

208. WARDMAN, HARRY. Is supposed to be either in Toronto or Quebec in business on a butcher. Please send his address to us. A relative enquires.

209. ROSE, WILLIAM F. On Aug. 22, 1876, born at Battersea, was put in McPherson's Orphan's Home at Spitalfield, London, England. Came to Canada in July, 1876, with a party of boys. His father, Wm. Rose, was a soldier in the British Army, and also two cousins, Frank and Harry. He would like to hear the address of any relatives.

210. MILLIGAN, JOHN. A native of County Armagh, Ireland. Came to the United States about 40 years ago. When last heard from was an employee at an Insane Asylum, Utica, N. Y. Any information whatever of the said John Milligan will be thankfully received. Address, Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

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Second Insertion.

211. NOBLE, WILLIAM. About 57 years old. Slightly pockmarked. Stone minister, from Ireland. His wife, Ann McFarland. No children, but one adopted girl, last heard from at Wyandotte, Kansas. United States Crye please copy.

SECRETARY CARRIE MCQUEEN of Windsor, Ontario.

Is interested in the War Cry sales, and finds time to sell on an average 30 every week in Walkerville, where the Army has lots of friends.

COMING EVENTS

LODGE OUT FOR THESE VISITORS.

BRIGADIER MARGETTA.

Fredericton, July 30, 31. St. John I, August 1-2-Aug. 2, 2:30 p.m. Officers' meeting; half-night of prayer from 8 to 11. St. John II, August 3. St. John III, August 4. Digby, August 5. Yarmouth, August 6, 7. Bear River, August 8. Annapolis, August 9. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Bedford, I, August 12, 1:30 p.m. Officers' meeting; half-night of prayer from 8 to 11. P. m. Halifax II, August 13. Halifax I, August 14. Truro, August 15. New Glasgow, August 16. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Dartmouth, August 18.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

CAPTAIN COLLIER—Clinton August 15; Bayfield, August 18, 19; Goderich, August 20, 21; Wingham, August 22, 23; Teeswater, August 24; Walkerton, August 25; Clifford, August 26; Palmerston 27, 28; Listowel, August 29; Drayton, August 30; Rothsay, August 31.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—Aurora, August 8; Newmarket, August 9; Holland Land, August 10; Stroud, August 11; Barrie, August 12; Collingwood, August 13, 14; Roseton, August 15; Peterborough, August 16; Peterboro, August 17, 18; Caledonia, August 19; Fergus, August 20; Gravenhurst, August 21; Fergus, August 22; Brantford, August 23; Bracebridge, August 25, 26; Huntsville, August 27, 28; Burk's Falls, August 29; Ahmic Lake, August 30; Dunwich, August 31.

SONGS

Holiness Song.

Tune.—I have heard of a Saviour's love.
1 Who can say that my heart is
 made clean?
 I am pure from the stains of my
 sin,
 I have found in this wonderful stream,
 Heart-cleansing and healing within?

Chorus.

Yes, oh yes, you may come to this
 wonderful stream,
 Yes, oh yes, there's cleansing and healing
 within.

Can you say in my heart reigns supreme?
 A constant desire for the fight,
 To subdue this poor world to redeem,
 For service I'm ready to-night?

Will you come to this all-cleansing
 Blood?
 Will you wash all your weakness away?
 You will find in the fullness of God
 Power to help you live holy each day.

Adjutant Archibald.

Hallelujah for Ever!

Tune.—Beulah land,
2 I'll hasten on my King to meet,
 And cast my crown at Jesus' feet,
 The ransom paid, the victory won,
 I long to hear His glad "Well done!"

Chorus.

And, oh, what rapture in the thought,
 One soul to glory to have brought,
 So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
 Now I long to be my song!
 So, Hallelujah! loud and long,
 Now and forever be my song!

Perchance to heaven one day, to me,
 Some blessed saint will come and say,
 "All hail! beloved; but for thee,
 My soul to death had been a prey."

The day is our's, there's no defeat,
 Though oft we march with weary feet,
 We'll stand at last around the Throne,
 No more farewells when we reach
 home.

Come to my Redeemer.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing.
3 I have found a friend in Jesus,
 He's very dear to me,
 He my load of sin has taken,
 And from bondage set me free.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come to my Redeemer,
 Come, oh, come, He'll set you free,
 Heal your wounded, broken spirit,
 Give you peace and liberty.

I can trust my Friend, so precious,
 He's the One who knows my heart,
 Cleaned my soul from sin's corruption,
 Saved from all, and not a part.

Sinner friend, come to my Saviour,
 Let Him save your guilty soul,
 Give you joy where now you've sorrow,
 Bid you rise and be made whole.

Lieutenant Mainprize.

Just as You Are.

Tune.—Just as I am, without one plea.
4 Just as thou art, without one
 Of love or joy or inward grace,
 Or meanness for the heavenly place,
 Oh, guilty sinner, come, oh, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
 Blest?—
 Trust in the world—it gives no rest;
 Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed;
 Oh, weary sinner, come, oh, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the Cross,
 Count all thy gains but empty dross,
 His grace repays all earthly loss;
 Oh, weary sinner, come, oh, come!

Come thither, bring thy boding fears—
 Thine aching head, thy bursting tears,
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
 Oh, trembling sinner, come, oh, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come;"
 rejoicing saints re-echo "Come;"
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
 come,
 Thy Saviour bids thee come, oh come!

Out of Love.

TALL.

Tunes.—Better world: Christ for me;
 or, What's the news?

5 Yes, Jesus left His home on high,
 Out of love, out of love;
 To suffer death for you and I,
 Out of love, out of love;
 Our avatars were to Him rolled,
 Look, poor sinner, and behold!
 He shed His precious blood, we're told,
 Out of love, out of love!

He had nowhere His head to lay,
 Out of love, out of love!
 He walked the streets both night and day,
 Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you stop and think
 Of His love, of His love?
 To have His hands and feet so torn,
 Out of love, out of love;
 Oh, will you come to Him to-day,
 And get your sins all washed away,
 And walk with us the narrow way,
 Filled with love, filled with love?

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling
 To the

OLD COUNTRY.
 we would call your special attention
 to the fact that we can secure tickets
 for all the Canadian Steamship Lines
 on very favorable terms. For full
 information apply to **MAJOR SWEETON**,
 S. A. Temple, Toronto.



"Papa?"
 "Well?"
 "How tall is the man who is above
 criticism?"—Judge.
 Papa would have a hard time to answer
 this question. . . .

A man who is above criticism is a
 long way taller than the average man,
 for the latter may have a tall tongue,
 but when adverse criticism affects his
 pocket, or touches his business friends,
 he is quickly cooled and does not think
 it "good policy" to go up to the general
 opinion of the public, or a good customer.

The man who is above criticism can be
 seen more than head and shoulders above
 the crowd of politicians and public
 men. He is quickly spotted, stands out
 and not unnoticed. He is indeed tall,
 moved by pride or avarice, because he is
 too tall to take notice of it; he is above
 speculating in stock that his vote may
 turn to advantage, he is not small enough
 to resort to tricks, but he is so tall that
 friends and enemies can plainly see him
 above the rest and can watch him better.

If he is in power he is taller still. His
 enemies fear him and gnash their teeth
 while they curse him in impotent rage.
 Knaves and fools in rival positions dis-
 color in powerless envy and plan how to
 bring him down; flatterers despise in
 their flattery attempts to bring him
 down; then, angry and spiteful tongue that
 singe suddenly his pride; the wicked and
 corrupt crumble under his rule, for he is
 very tall and can see over the heads

of others, quickly checking the evil and
 encouraging the good.

Indeed, he is tall, who above criticism
 stands. He is taller than the judge of
 God's ministers. He is too tall to see
 the advantage of having many rich mem-
 bers and to retain their good favors, he
 is too high up to stoop to small tricks,
 he is above the bribees of men who indulge
 in questionable business.

It is so tall that mankind, and selfish-
 ness is one. High enough to be satisfied
 under his feet for his hands part the
 clouds and reach for the happiness of
 heaven. His eyes are too elevated to be
 delighted with the small amusements of
 men, for they see the surpassing beauty
 of eternal truth. He is high enough
 above the din of the dust to catch the
 strains of immortality. His thoughts
 are akin to the Divine, and righteou-
 ness is the road they travel on. Love is
 the chariot that carries them, and Sym-
 pathy and Sacrifice are the pran-
 ceeds that pull them swiftly in duty's
 path.

Would you like to have a tall soul?
 The grace of God is sufficiently powerful
 to expand your soul and to raise it above
 criticism.

PUSH!

By ADJUTANT MAGEE

Why do soldiers cease to fight?

Want of push!

Why can't they enjoy the light?

Want of push!

Why so shallow in their souls?

Want of push!

Why so few upon the rolls?

Want of push!

Why so many coughs and colds?

Want of push!

Why do marches few and small?

Want of push!

Why no people in the hall?

Want of push!

Why they always are so late?

Want of push!

Why they're never up to date?

Want of push!

Why sound loafing at the gate?

Want of push!

Why are marches few and small?

Want of push!

Why no people in the hall?

Want of push!

Why they always are so late?

Want of push!

Why they're never up to date?

Want of push!

Why sound loafing at the gate?

Want of push!

Why the speaking is so dry?

Want of push!

Why they grumble, groan and sigh?

Want of push!

Why the finances are small?

Want of push!

Why the guards seem so tall?

Want of push!

Why the order in the hall?

Want of push!

Why they do not like to beg?

Want of push!

Why they do not burst the egg?

Want of push!

Why they harden in their shell?

Want of push!

Why they can't God's praises tell?

Want of push!

Why they don't save souls from hell?

Want of push!

Why they do not like to beg?

Want of push!

Why they do not burst the egg?

Want of push!

Why they harden in their shell?

Want of push!

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Why they can't God's praises tell?

Want of push!

Why they don't save souls from hell?

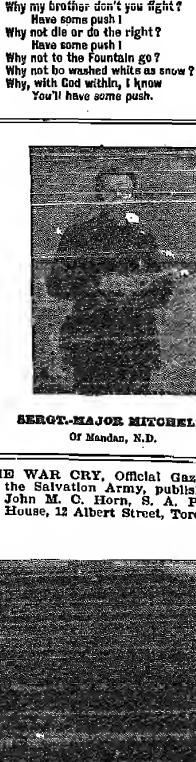
Want of push!

Why they do not like to beg?

Want of push!

Why they do not burst the egg?

Want of push!



SERGT.-MAJOR MITCHELL

or Mandan, N.D.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
 the Salvation Army, published by
 John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing
 House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

Diamond Dust.

PRIDE is the natural pickpocket.

If you can't be a sun don't be a cloud.

Don't blame your luck, but blame your pluck.

The obedience of the heart is the art of obedience.

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

God-sent messages never go to the dead-letter office.

God can make the right side of our life the bright side.

Society's glowworms always shine with a sickly light.

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer that tells.

You will soon be a wreck if you let Satan take the helm.

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

Wearing finery unpaid for, is respectability going jailward.

At the Angel Inn many a man is made a demon through gin.

Your ideal may easily become your idiom unless your ideal is Christ.

When a man makes a fool of himself he generally does the job well.

Live to God's glory here if you want to live in God's glory hereafter.

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell except for his neighbor.

Don't let your memory become a mere row of hooks to hang grudges on.

A prayer for guidance on election day is quite as appropriate as on Sunday.

Conversion is not becoming better than your fellows, but better than yourself.

The Head that was pierced with the crown of thorns can feel for your thorn in the flesh.

Some people join a church for the same reason that they take out a fire-insurance policy.

Woods, thrives best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

If you would fare well with Christ, you must bid farewell to the devil.

In a Nutshell.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, at the request of an English lord, once abridged the Book of Common Prayer. The entire catechism which it contains to-day was cut down to two questions with their answers: "What is your duty to God?" and "What is your duty to your neighbor?" This is the real sum and substance of all the catechisms, and includes all that is essential or profitable.

Why Should You?

IHAVE nothing to do with to-morrow.

My Saviour will make that His care; Should He fill it with joy or with sorrow,

He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow, Its burden, then, why should I bear?

Its grace and its strength I can't borrow;

Then why should I borrow its care?

IT IS ALWAYS BEST FOR A MAN TO KEEP HIS TEMPER. NO ONE ELSE WANTS IT.

DRUNKEN DAVIE GILL.

A SCOTCH STORY.

A'M feared ye'll no understandin' a muckle o' what sa'm gan to say," began Brother David Gill, of Chiswick, in his native dialect; but as the Cry man was born and brought up a silent man in the Scottish border, he boldly assured me that his fears were groundless.

"Aa was born in Ayrshire," he continued, "an' ma boyhood was spent in Govan. Ma parents were religious. Ma father was

A Preacher in the Kirk.

an' he died when aa was ten years auld. Aa was a ship's plater at Govan, in Dole's yard, an' aa got on well; but aa drifted into bad company, an' learnt to drink.

"Then aa got married, an' there was twa on us baith aileys. Aa earned

A Pound a Day;

an' aa went on drinkin', an' was never properly sober for twenty years."

"Ye seen aa was brought up in a public school, an' interpered. Ma' Gill. Ma' mither kept the pub, an' baith me parents dead when aa was varra young. There was nae prayers in ma hame; an' kenned naethin' aboot the Bible nor religion, an', as aa was allowed to gae on as aa leikyd, aa became a drunkard in my alry twenties."

"Well," continued Brother Gill, "ye'll understandin' that the

Twa on us, bein' fond o' drink, helped ane anither



"Oh, God! Help me to fight the drink!"

to become drunkards. We went about the racecourses, fit-ba' matches, drinkin' andbettin', an' wastin' woor money. We must ha'e drunk sax thousand puns (\$20,000) in twenty years, an' we'd ha'e gane taegether, I expan' this, Gill, "it would ha'e gane the next week, pawned or sold for drink."

"Then we left Scotland," said David, "came to Newcastel, worked in Almstrang's, a bit, then to Howden, an' the Tyne, an' alrained aye-ay-an' axed a day for two years, drinkin' all the time. At last an' I went to the Toon Brig at London, which was in course of construction; an' but, before aa could gae there, an' had to before money to kyle my hoots. As aa went meikit my boots, an' leit me to meditate on the think about the years an' years o' un' think about the years an' the sin un' the

Thousands o' Puns

an' spent in drink. Aa still had a muckle o' her, an' hoo often she prest me to gude. Aa began to cry. The weight o' me sins fairly crushed the spirit oot o' me. We had to pawn our only bed to raise the amount o' our boat fare to London."

"Aa went Northhead, abune a public-house," said Mrs. Gill, "an' we continued drinkin'. Before leavin' the North, aa was crossin' the Tyne in a boat, al' Howden, an' hauf way across aa jumped out into the river when an' Was in the 'Blues'

W'Drink: but aa was rescued in time.

WITNESS BOX.

CADET IDA HEARNES,
Photographer at the Army Headquarters
in Montreal.

TELLS OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

FROM early childhood I have come in contact a great deal with the Army. I have always loved it, and the principle foundation for my love was the fact that I sought the redemption of those sunken in sin, and with loving and tender hands reached for and lifted the poor degraded outcasts of society to the heights of virtue. In Christ. How my heart has always been touched as my eyes have gazed upon the wretchedness of such creatures, brought low by sin and fleshly lusts. As I grew older I thought I should like in some way to help them, and God pointed out to me that the S. A. wanted a Salvationist which which could do much good, but to engage in such a warfare meant fighting, the relinquishing of many hopes, and was a sacrifice I counted too dear. At last, however, I got converted and started to live and fight for God, and was a faithful son for the fighting division, and stood out from the world, and let them stand me a Salvationist. Then Satan came with his alluring smile, tempting me with the false and glittering pleasures of earth, and I, in my youth, instead of leaning more heavily upon the omnipotent S. A. of Jehovah, gave way to him. My opposition was a Salvationist was indeed great. Why should I be called upon to bear such cruel opposition, taking up with the scorn of the world, and being made the object of much ridicule, when my associates seemed to have such happiness in their life? This was a question which puzzled me much. Why should I be singled out amongst them all? Oh, it was hard, I thought. I had a passionate love for dress, the latest fashion, I must have, and went in for the amusements of the world, and yet with all I was so dissatisfied and unhappy. Why, I asked it, I always wanted to be a Christian in my own way. God wanted me in the Army. I was now convinced of that fact. I loved it very much, admitted it was doing a great work for God, and I longed to be of the workers, but the putting aside of the S. A. uniform, and the donning of the plain S. A. uniform, and I felt the price too high to pay. A backslidden? Ah, yes, and no one knows but those who have been like stoners, that aught or a backslidden soul, a soul deep in conviction was stamped upon me. I could find no rest. Many a time after an evening's apparent pleasure, have I gone to my room to weep, with a heart over-burdened, and yet fearing to sleep lest God should require an account of my life ere the dawn of another day. For three years I carried it. I was thus weighed down, and in glancing hock would ever that perld wonder that God dealt so kindly with me. Truly His mercy endureth forever. I was so obstinate, and yet He cared for me tenderly and His love abided over my sorrowful heart. I shall never forget that night that God awoke me and received me and when my sins were rolled from off my burdened heart. Such a relief! It was heaven on earth, and I arose from my knees a new creature in Christ Jesus. Soon after my conversion I was enrolled as a soldier and for eleven months fought for God in my corps. There have been hours of darkness when I knew not which way to turn, as it were, but a rift has come in the clouds and the beautiful light from heaven has shone brightly upon my扰乱ing my soul. There have been times when I have been left wounded upon the battlefield, but the Divine Physician has healed me, and am stronger in the love of my precious Lord. I can also record wonderful triumphs, glorious victories, when the enemy has been driven back, and I have, through Christ, stood conqueror. Bless His name! I applied and was accepted for S. A. service and am to-day enlisted with the Yellow, Red and Blue Guards for God and seek to rescue poor, helpless, and suffering humanity. Happy? Yes, as happy as can be. "No more cruel heartaches, no more bitter tears, no more sleepless nights. I have the deep, calm peace which comes to an obedient child. I love my S. A. supremely, love my S. A. truly satisfied and conected to the service of God. My past experience has profited, and now I seek to turn others from devotions I live and continue to live a life of heart-felt praise to my blessed redeemer for His goodness to me.

IDA E. HEARNES.

"I sink
Around
For my
Hus all
And with
Up from
Another
So speak
Flung its
"Oh I can't
Soon the
Drove
Against it
Just as it